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THE JOURNAL,
Salina, Kansas.

ASKING.

BY BARTON GREY

I bent me o'er her fluttering hand;
I said: "The world is wide;
Around our steps, a spectral band,
The doubtful shadows glide;
Joined hands are strong when foes combine
And clouds drive fast o'erhead."
She raised her grave, pure eyes to mine,
But not a word she said.

"The path is rough for tender feet;
The outside winds are chill;
For tired eyelids rest is sweet—
Why doubt and linger still?
We'll stand serene till shadows flee
And life's last storm be dead."
No answering look came back to me,
And not a word she said.

"Ah me! I thought you loved me well—
Our human eyes are blind;
He only reads life's parable,
Who never looks behind.
Alone, and reft of love's sweet grace,
My onward path I tread."
Again the mute eyes sought my face,
But not a word she said.

"Hear, then, my last, my parting prayer—
I love you! Will you come,
My joys, my griefs, my hopes to share,
Till each quick pulse be dumb—
Secure, serene, my own heart's queen,
Though storms beat dark o'erhead?"
The pure eyes drooped; but now, I ween,
'Twas but one word she said.

A CLAP OF THUNDER.

"My dear Earnestine, I assure you that Servois is an excellent fellow. I can not see what you have to object to in him."

"I do not object to him, my dear Monsieur de Montonville; I am sure I am always particularly civil to him as your friend; in my own house, I would not treat any one uncivilly for the world."

"I know, Ernestine, my dear; I hope you do not think I am complaining; a man blessed with such a wife as I have would deserve to be hanged if he were not content. But I want something more for Armand Servois, my particular friend, than cold civility."

"I really can not imagine what you see in him."

"Now, Earnestine, you must acknowledge that it is very kind and generous of a brilliant young fellow like Armand Servois to spend so much of his time with an old fellow like me ——"

"An old fellow! You must not call yourself an old fellow in my presence. I am sure I do all I can to make the world forget the twenty-five years difference there is between us. I do not feel this difference or complain of it, and I don't see why Monsieur Armand Servois should be thought generous and kind for liking your society just because you are twenty years older than he is."

"Yes, but he might find much more fascinating society. Armand Servois is a man much admired by woman; even you, Ernestine, with all your prejudices, even you must acknowledge that he is handsome."

"I never take any notice of men's looks."

"But you can't help seeing, little prude that you are, that Armand is tall, an admirable figure, and that his features, if not regular, are agreeable, his eyes large and expressive, whilst his long, Francis I. beard is the admiration of——"

"M. de Montonville, do you think that your wife has so little respect for you, for herself, as to examine a man's beard, or even notice it sufficiently to admire it?"

"Well, Ernestine, I do not ask you to admire Servois, but you know since our marriage, now three years ago, my own family have chosen to signify their displeasure at my happiness by deserting me; my old friends have all families of their own and don't visit much. I should miss Servois very much; he plays ecarte, he plays chess, he reads me the paper, he brings me the news, he amuses me with the gossip of the town and the clubs. I should be sorry if your coldness drove him away from me. Oblige me, dearest; make the sacrifice for my sake; be just civil, I ask no more; be only just civil to Servois, so that he may not grow tired of feeling that he is in your way, and keep away altogether."

"Anything you ask me to do for your sake, my dear, kind, indulgent husband, you may be sure I will do. You shall see how gracious I will be to-day with your friend."

M. de Montonville imprinted a kiss on his wife's forehead, and as she bent over the tapestry frame at which she was working, stood for a few minutes lost in silent admiration.

"She is so very handsome—in the very prime of life, too—in Paris, surrounded by women who deceive husbands that are young, handsome, fond and confiding; yet she, this beautiful Ernestine, is content to bide in her own home, by the side of her old husband, unconscious of her own attractions, or disdainful of the admiration that might surround her. I know she is a little cold, stiff and prudish, but everybody has a fault, and what better fault could a man of fifty, married to a woman just twenty-five, have found in a wife under such circumstances? Such a fault is almost a virtue."

That day, when Armand Servois came to pay his accustomed visit he had no cause to complain of the reception given him by the mistress of the house; she was all graciousness and smiles, and when M. Servois, apparently confused and astonished at his usual greeting, at last rose to take leave, Mme. de Montonville completed her husband's happiness at the change by inviting his friend to remain to dinner. M. de Montonville could scarcely refrain from expressing his gratitude to his wife, then and there, but in order to celebrate this condescension on her part and his friend's presence, he rushed from the room to see that his valet put the champagne to ice and brought up the choicest Bordeaux from his cellar.

M. de Montonville was absent but a few minutes—evidently the conversation had not been very animated between Armand and Ernestine, for he was reading a newspaper and she profoundly preoccupied with the roses that were growing under her skillful fingers.

M. de Montonville was quite right with regard to the amount of conversation between his wife and his friend during his absence from the room; it had consisted of but two words, one apiece, but the tone had given eloquence to this one, and to the eyes expression and meaning. These words were "Armand," pronounced by Ernestine; "Ernestine," spoken by Armand. It was well that M. de Montonville had not heard them.

From that day Mme. de Montonville, in obedience to her husband's wishes, remained gracious, but coldly gracious, to Armand Servois. In order to propitiate her, Armand was constantly bringing flowers and books to the house—not that he ventured to present them himself to her, but he gave them to M. de Montonville, desiring him to pretend they all came from him, lest, knowing their source Mme. de Montonville should reject them. In this way Ernestine had many agreeable surprises, for M. de Montonville thought the matter a good joke and entered into it, intending one day to have a piece of fun with Ernestine, when he should think his friend sufficiently established in her favor for him to declare the truth.

It was impossible to find fault with Ernestine's manner now—nothing could be more discreet than her manner; polite, but never familiar with Servois; yet sufficiently cordial to take away all awkward feeling a husband's friend must feel when he knows he is not a welcome visitor to the wife.

In this condition of things, the friends grew gradually more and more confidential, until Monsieur de Montonville at last consulted Armand on his pecuniary affairs. M. de Montonville, told him that his marriage so late in life had greatly displeased his family, who had all relied on legacies from the old bachelor. Mme. de Montonville, and the beautiful Ernestine, had had no fortune, consequently they had been married without any settlement or contract, and the laws of France, at the death of her husband, gave back all his fortune to his family, unless by some special settlement before his death he should leave his fortune to his wife. M. de montonville was a hale and hearty man of fifty, and considered his lease of life good for at least twenty years; still he could not but feel occasional twinges of remorse when he thought of the condition in which he would leave his wife, should he by any chance happen to die. Amongst the feelings he confided to Armand Servois was this one, and Armand immediately, in the most magnanimous manner, advised his friend instantly to make such legal arrangements as should prevent his family from seizing his fortune after his death.

"Mme. de Montonville does not like me, I know; she has been unjust toward me, I know," said Servois, "but for that very reason I will be scrupulously just to her; besides she might think if you left her unprovided for, that my councils had influenced you for my sake, as well as hers; therefore I entreat you do not delay."

Not more than two weeks after this sage advice, M. de Montonville returned home one day with a bundle of papers in his hand, which he threw into Ernestine's lap.

"There, my darling," said he, "these papers insure you comfort and independence, after I am gone from you. You owe this principally to Servois' advice; so don't snub him any more."

"I can not think what right Monsieur Servois thinks he has to interfere in my affairs. Tak back the papers, dear husband. I do not like to think of the future you refer to; I know I am younger than you are, but the youngest do not always live the longest, and I can not contemplate existence without you."

Here Ernestine turned abruptly away, for she was a proud nerved nature, and hated all show of feeling or emotion, but M. de Montonville saw the quivering lip, and beheld the tear hastily hidden by the handkerchief. Going up to his young wife, he embraced her tenderly.

"My darling," said he, "no matter how many years I have to live, I shall never forget the happiness of the years we have lived together. Come, dry your tears, darling; and come with me to the Tuileries. The chesnut trees are in full bloom, the orange flowers are all in perfume, all the world will be out; come, I shall be quite proud to show my handsome wife."

Ernestine—elegant, graceful, dressed with admirable taste, was soon pacing the crowded ailes of the Tuileries, her husband on one side of her, and Armand Servois on the other, for they had met him (no strange chance, for it was the hour when all Paris was in the gardens) almost as soon as they had joined the promenade under the chesnut trees.

It was a fine summer day in June, somewhat sultry; beneath the thick foliage of the chesnut trees, the sudden overclouding of the sky had scarcely been perceived, when all at once a loud crashing peal of thunder burst over their heads. Earnestine's was not a timid nature, but thunder was one of the few things she was afraid of. Uttering a low cry, as the thunder crashed above, she rushed up, not to her husband, but to Servois, and seizing his arm, hid her face close on his shoulder.

If they had not seen the lightning that had preceded this burst of thunder, Mons de Montonville, by his wife's instinctive action, received through his brain a flash ot moral lighting that revealed all at once the past and the present. Monsieur de Montonville was a profound thinker; a man of great experience and penetration, affection for his wife had alone deprived him of all these faculties. Now they all came back to him. He knew that in moments of fear and danger, a woman's instinct led her to seek protection from the being she most loved—a daughter rushes to her mother, a young girl to the man she loves best, a wife to her husband; but Ernestine had not gone to her husband, though he was so near her, but forgetting him had sought safety in the arms of another.

Servois was the first to recover his presence of mind, and in a few quickly whispered words, he roused Ernestine to a sense of her folly. With a laugh at her own cowardice, she hastily turned from him, and took her husband's arm, and then all three quickened their steps to escape the rain, which now fell in torrents.

Monsieur de Montonville's manner towards his wife underwent no change; he was as kind, as tender towards her as ever; but somehow a feeling of coldness crept gradually between Servois and himself. Armand could trace it to no distant circumstance, but he felt that his friend was changed towards him, and suggestions of his own conscience coming to his aid, he thought it prudent as well as expedient to leave Paris for awile, his absence giving a specious excuse for ceasing his visits to his friend; accordingly he departed on an artistic tour to Switzerland and Italy.

Monsieur de Montonville then, without previously consulting his wife, solicited a reconciliation with his relations, and received them as most cordially welcome visitors to his house.

Ernestine, of course, did not approve of this change; she knew how her husband's relations had opposed her marriage, and how little they loved her; still it was a part of her system never to oppose her husband's wishes, and somehow there was a decision id his manner that gave her to understand that little would be the opposition he would brook.

So went by a whole year. Whether Ernestine was happy or miserable it was impossible to say; her usual cold and serene manner in no way changed and defied the watchful eyes of those around her. But Ernestine had many hours of agony; many sleepless nights of fear and doubt. Armand had left Paris, Armand had left her; he had thought it right, prudent; he had done it for her sake, convinced that some latent suspicion lay at the bottom of her husband's heart; but he had been a whole year away—a whole year; true, had written often and as passionataly as ever; but he was away; they might be separated for years; she was very lonely; might he not forget her? Then what consolation could she find? None, for she was bound for life to another. It was in one of these terribly desponding moods that Ernestine, bolting her door, proceeded to seek the only consolation left to her—his letters. She had hidden them in a large closet, where hung her dresses, hidden them first in a small rosewood desk, of which she had the key and next in the back of a shelf over which she had so skillfully nailed a curtain (as if to protect the dresses from the damp), that no casual observer could suspect the existence of the hiding place. Now she was alone; she might weep, and tears streamed down her checks; she could go to him for comfort, she could not find it in his letters. She opens the closet door, draws back the curtain so cunningly contrived, feels for the box, but no box can she find; hastily with a beating heart she throws down every obstacle, and taking a light gazes eagerly into the aparture. There is nothing there, the box is gone. In an agony of fear, with the wild hope that she might have left it in some other place, she searches around; it is not there, and what is more, a leather case, containing a small diamond necklace and other valuable trinkets. is gone, too. She had been robbed; this conviction was a great relief to Ernestine.

"Yes," said she, "I have been robbed. This is nothing but the work of a common thief, who thought to find some precious treasure in the box. I am safe. The thief will destroy the letters, for they would betray him. I can conceal the loss of the diamonds, but my poor letters, my only consolation! Life is harder now than ever, but life must be endured."

And so she steeled her heart and composed her features, and went forth to play her part in life's hard drama.

Two years went by. One day Madame de Montonville, walking with her husband in the Champs Elysees, beheld Armand Servois dash by her on horseback. Her heart beat, her features were too well schooled to betray any emotion. M. de Montonville evidently had not seen him. He was in Paris—that was happiness, a ray of happiness, at least—and Ernestine waited patiently and trustfully for a sign from him. She was afraid to speak of Armand to her husband, but every day she expected he would say to her, "Armand is returned," and was prepared to receive the information with coolness and indifference.

But time went on without one word from her husband, no secret sign from her lover. At length the weariness of her monotonous life was varied by the sudden illness of her husband, who was struck with paralysis.

He did not linger many days, though watched with the tenderest care by his wife and with jealous officiousness by his relations.

"Farewell, dear Ernestine," said he, feeling his last hour approaching. "I have not been ungrateful; you will find that when my will is opened. May you be happy."

The will was not to be opened until three weeks after the funeral. Such, the notary said, had been the wish of the deceased.

Mme. de Montonville had not been a widow more than a week before she received a passionate letter from her lover, renewing all his vows of love, and swearing that he had never for an instant ceased to adore her, attributing his silence and absence to his remorse at deceiving his friend, and to his fears for her.

Mme. de Montonville loved Armand Servois; half his argument were superfluous; she would have believed him at the very first word. She could not see him, of course, at that time, but she wrote to him; she pledged herself to be his wife in due time; trusting from her husband's words to her, she added that she would bring riches as well as love to him.

"Of course you will, my dear Madame," said he to himself. "I know better than you how much, for I dictated the clause. Half of De Montonville's fortune is about eight hundred thousand francs; that is not so bad, added to mine; we can have a decent establishment. Now to keep quiet until the year of mourning is expired."

At the time appointed the relations all assembled, and the will was opened and read. There were many legacies, many handsome bequests. At length the name of Mme. Montonville was pronounced. There was a thrill of expectation through all the assembly.

"I give and bequeath to my wife Ernestine a small rosewood box, the contents of which she will value more than anything else I could leave her, and which will, I hope, be the means of insuring her happiness for life. The only condition I make is that she shall open the box in the presence of my friend, Armand Servois."

Ernestine blushed deeply beneath her widow's veil, but otherwise gave no sign of emotion.

That evening, at the request of the lawyer, M. Armand Servois entered Mme. de Montonville's drawing-room.

"Here is the key, Madame," said the lawyer. "You are to open it; we are not to see the contents."

Ernestine took the key, a duplicate to her own her husband had made, and opened it—then fell on a sofa and burst into a torrent of tears. The lawyer, with a feeling of profound delicacy, left the room; but Armand, going up to Ernestine, drew her toward him, breathing words of consolation and love.

In a few moments Ernestine grew calm.

"Why are you thus agitated, my own? —what! what did the casket contain?"

"My jewels, and forty-two letters written by you."

Monsieur Servois said very little, and went soon away; it was not expedient that at such a time he should remain long with the young widow.

The next day M. de Montonville's family signified to Ernestine that she should leave the premises, and her husband's nephew politely told her, that by a confidential letter from his uncle, he was empowered and enjoined to pay her six thousand francs a year during her lifetime. She who, with her husband, had shared a revenue of nearly eighty thousand francs a year. But Ernestine murmured not; she haughtily complied with all conditions, and as proudly consented to receive the pittance left her.

"I shall not be so entirely dependent on him after all," said she to herself; "and he will love me all the same."

This last, however, was a question never tested, for M. Armand Servois deemed another artistic journey necessary for his health, and so went back to Italy; nor has he been back since, nor has he written one letter to add to the forty-two so preciously preserved by both husband and wife.

Daniel Webster's Opinion of England.

The statement of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, that the American people cherish an undying hatred toward England, finds occasional corroboration in the actions of our leading politicians. Nor do we here refer to congressional resolutions in favor of Fenianism, nor to the national anger at Alabama depredations: we go back to a generation just passing away. No man better appreciated England and her institutions than Daniel Webster, and yet he was unwilling to be known as one who would publicly praise her. When Mr. Clay was nominated for the presidency for the last time, a mass-meeting was arranged in Boston, on the Beacon-Street side of the Common. An open-air stand was erected for the speakers, and Mr. Webster was asked to preside, and to open the meeting with a speech. It was a pleasant, sunny day, and all Massachusetts was there to do honor to the occasion and the nominee. As far as the voice could reach from the stand, nothing could be seen but a dense mass of expectant hearers. If we recollect aright, England had just taken one of our fishing-vessels in her waters, and the Democracy were loudly declaring that, if they succeeded in the coming canvass, neither England nor any foreign power should dare to touch an American citizen. As Mr. Webster slowly arose to address the vast audience, a man in the crowd attempted to catch his eye or ear, throwing up his hands, and exclaiming: "Mr. Webster! Mr. Webster!" Cries broke out all around: "Stop your noise!" "Shut your mouth!" etc. But Mr. Webster quietly turned toward the intruding voice with: "Well, sir, what is it?" "I want to know, Mr. Webster, if England or Canada take one of our citizens and put him in their jails, will Mr. Clay, if elected, take him out again, if he has to go to war for it?" "Certainly he will, my friend; I pledge you that."

"Then," said the interrupter, "he gets my vote anyhow." Cries here again broke out: "Good for you!" But just then a voice exclaimed: "The English are all slaves!" Mr. Webster's face wore an expression of the deepest scorn, as, shaking his finger in the direction whence the voice came, he exclaimed: "The English all slaves! My friend, where did your fathers come from?" And then, looking slowly around, he impressively continued: "All our best civil rights—the trial by jury, the franchise, the free press, the law of libel, the common law—all, all came to us from England." Then, as if recollecting himself, he turned to the reporters just behind him, and said, *sotto voce*: "Don't put that in the papers to-morrow, gentlemen." He thus unconsciously bore witness to the unpopularity of being known to be a supporter of England. But the reporters disobeyed him: the papers of the next day contained his remarks in full.

"Grammar class, stand up and recite. Thomas, parse girls." "Girls is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively persons, and double number, kissing mood, in the immense tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule."

Correspondence of the Journal.

PRAIRIE FIRES AND THEIR EFFECTS.

VINLAND BLUFF, March 6th, 1871.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Last week I promised to say a word about prairie fires. We see the fires out, already. Is it possible that our country must be made desolate, barren and bleak again! We cannot treat the man who willfully set the prairie on fire, except as an enemy to his country and to the welfare of future generations. He destroys that which he cannot replace. It is right and often necessary to set out fire for self defence, yet it may accidentally get beyond control, while parties are burning fire-guards. This is another thing from a man setting out fire to burn off the range, for fear some one may want to herd on or near his premises, or to burn out some one he may want to have revenge upon, for some imaginary wrong. The man who will deliberately set the prairie on fire, is none too good to set fire to a man's house for a like purpose. But a little of the country is burnt off as yet, and we implore every good citizen to act one of as a vigilance committee to prevent the further burning of the prairies. The prairie fires are our greatest enemies. Had our valleys been free from this all-destroying element, we to-day would see more living witnesses around us. If the fires had been kept out from the river and small streams, Saline county would have double the amount of timber she has now.

A proof of this fact may be seen on my old place, (now Mr. Baker's,) near the Saline river bridge, west side. In the fall of 1862, all the young timber was from two to four feet high. Since that time no fire has been in there, and now there is a fine grove; the trees from thirty to forty feet high, and six to eight inches in diameter. In all the low bends of the rivers and streams we find the remains of forests. And as soon as the fires are kept out, a young growth of forest trees will soon spring up. It should be the policy of those living on the bottoms to protect their timber, and let all grow that will. It should be the policy of every one living on the uplands, no matter where, to lend a helping hand, to protect the forest trees. The man who protects the forest and cultivates the forest trees, is the benefactor of future generations. The man who sets out an orchard of forest trees, does not always enjoy the fruit thereof; yet he does a noble act. He plants that others may reap. He has but reaped where others have planted. He only fulfills the laws of nature and destiny. Our broad and fertile valleys, our table and uplands all possess the elements of life for man and beasts; all clothed with rich grasses.

The soil will produce grain and fruits. The grass will, when free to stock, make bone, fat, sinews, hoofs, horns and milk. Then, why destroy the essential elements of life so wickedly? Again, the grass is the blanket of the earth, the mulch of the soil to hold the moisture, the early and latter rains, the dews, and to retain beneath its foliage the most essential elements of life; water to nourish and supply the wants of plants and animals. When the prairies are burnt off, it opens the pores of the soil so that the south wind, which prevails in this part of the country, soon carries all the moisture and leaves the soil a dry crisp. When the moisture is all absorbed and carried away, nature is left without one of its chief auxiliaries to produce a new crop of grass, until it gets a new supply from the clouds. There is no question that we suffer more or less for the want of rain by our prairies being burnt off during the fall, winter, and spring seasons of the year. Some burn off the grass to have early feeding. That is all a mistake. Upon a careful observation it will be found that, at no season of the year, will the prairies be destitute of green grass with the old. On the uplands more or less green grass will be found which stock readily find and if there is not too much snow, will winter upon it without any feed given them. Some will say it is necessary that the prairies must be burnt, to have meadow land. If necessary, let them plow a few furrows around their land and burn inside. Every man can protect himself if he will commence in time. However, some accidents are liable to occur and much is damage done. Again the experience of old settlers is, that generally we have less rain and later springs when the prairies are all burnt off in the fall. I do not argue that it will produce severe drouth, but there can be no question but it helps. If the entire surface of the earth is burnt off, there can be no moisture. It is a fixed law of nature, that where moisture exists in a body, it will draw from the atmosphere or clouds. The grass makes a mulch, and retains the moisture, and holds all it gets.

In the fall of 1859 the whole of Kansas was burnt off. The following year was one of remarkable drouth, known as the year of famine (1860.) All Western Kansas, in the fall of 1861 and spring of 1862, was burnt off, and there was an entire failure of corn in the year of 1862, on account of the drouth. In the fall and winter of 1867 and 1868 the whole country was in a measure burnt off, and the summer of 1868 was very dry, and there was almost a failure of the corn crop, on account of the drouth. Again in the fall and winter of 1869 and 1870 nearly all the country was burnt over, and the result was, we had all the spring to endure heavy winds and dust for weeks, almost intolerable, and following that came the dry season and no corn crop.

It has been my observation for almost twelve years of my residence in Kansas, that when the prairies have been about all burnt off during the fall and winter, the next season is invariably dry and there is more or less a failure of crops. Will any sane person say that the present opening of the spring is not more propitious than last. The burning began early in 1869, and kept up until the earth was a blackened desert, grass and hay all burned up. This year the county looks as though we could live with some comfort. We have winds, but no blown dust to blind us, and plenty of green grass for grazing. The whole country, with few exceptions, looks as though it had a covering that would protect and hold the moisture and guarantee sufficient rains and a good crop.

Let us take another view, financially. Every year that the prairies are burnt off, it impoverishes the soil, leaves it arid and dry, and burns up more or less personal property, hazards the lives of our people, renders many families homeless and penniless, destroys and prevents the growth of timber. $100,000 would not pay the loss Saline county has sustained by fire in the last ten years.

Then, why will people act so inconsiderate and reckless in setting the prairies on fire? No one can tell when they apply the lighted match, the damage that may be done, and what neighbor's house, barns, fencing, stock or forest may be destroyed. Our winds are too treacherous to trust long. We are beginning to see the smoke rising up in many places as though some Sodomite was joined to his idol. We will make all due allowance for accidents and self perseveration, but aside from that, the penalty of the law should be made effective. Hence it is the duty of every good citizen to act as a vigilance committee, or police, to prevent the burning of the prairies, unnecessarily. The person who deliberately sets out fire, may in some cases just as well set fire to his neighbor's house or barn. The crime is just the same. He, in the first case, may only burn the premises of one man, while, in the other case, he may burn up whole communities and render many homeless. Fire, once under way, with the winds that generally prevail in this country, is a powerful enemy to subdue, notwithstanding every precaution.

Thus far we have escaped, and, I hope, will, for all time to come. However, the person who willfully and deliberately sets the prairie on fire, from henceforth without just cause, will be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law, whoever he may be. If the civil law fails to reach him, justice may overtake him in some other way. We know of no other way to stop this infamous practice, except to use vigorous and rigid measures. The practice has been indulged in long enough. Patience ceases to be a virtue sometimes, and it is time our people should use their utmost endeavors to bring such offenders to an account. We hope every good citizen will act in concert with us in this move. It is a duty we owe ourselves, our neighbors, our country and future generations.

"Dust and Ashes."

The following "strange story" is communicated to the Australian *Times* by Mr. W. D. Prichett, of Bishop Stortford:

"Returning lately from the eastern side of the Jordan, I was detained for a time on board the ship at Alexandria, and while watching all that went on in that vast harbor, my attention was attracted to a number of lighters plying backwards and forwards between some merchant vessels and the shore. Every one who has visited that port will remember the group of wind mills and the long ridge of rock running out from them seawards for a distance of several miles. The empty lighters went to a point in this ridge of rocks, and returned with a cargo of brown dust, which was carried up the ships' sides in baskets, and thrown down into the holds. The captain with whom I sailed informed me that this was guano—human guano—the "dust and ashes" of the dead, collected from many ancient sepulchres and catacombs which perforate this ridge of rocks in every direction, like rabbit holes in a warren, and even run underground as far as Pompey's pillar. He also stated that this trade has been going on for about nine months, and that the "guano" brought £6 10s per ton in English ports, a price that would give the manure manufacturers a very large profit for mixing it out with the guano of Peru. An English merchant, for eight years a resident in Egypt, afterwards came on board, and when I had an opportunity of speaking to him alone, he gave me the same account; and he further told me that he had visited the spot where this was going, and he had seen pieces of human bone as well as small earthenware lamps and tear bottles of glass, among the dust. I also met a missionary who confirmed the tale.

"The lower class of Egyptians are among the most degraded people in the world, yet it would be hard to believe that even they would sell their father's bones for manure, did we not well know that for a century past they have sold the mummies in such numbers that they are to be found in many of the museums of Europe and America."

Weight of Women.

In romance, even of this modern day, we read constantly of heroes magnanimously rushing off with fainting maidens from blazing houses, or more feloniously "carting" them on their shoulders for purposes of revengeful abduction. Let any one out of training, or under six feet high, and with proportionate strength, attempt to run away with a fairly well-composed girl of eighteen or twenty, and give us his opinion of the prowess of these vaunted knights. A woman weighing one hundred and forty pounds' weight of kicking womanhood is not to be carried at all. Even a slight girl will weigh a hundred pounds, and Rudolph or Horatio will stagger under her lovely but cumbersome figure, if he break out of a *slow* walk. There are plenty of buxom girls who weigh up to a hundred and seventy pounds, and it is not given to every man to "hurry off" with such a baggage. When the victimized Squalina faints on the stage, the robust baritone takes care that the [illegible] shall be accomplished as close to the wing as possible. He knows what La Squalina weighs by the sad experience of rehearsals. Let any of our readers carry his sister (he will probably prefer his cousin) up three flights of stairs, without stopping, and forward to us his [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible].